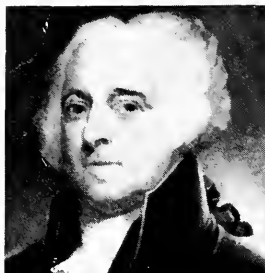


CORADDI

November 1978



The Magazine of the Arts at UNC-Greensboro



John Adams. 1782

*I must study politics and war,
that my sons may have liberty
to study mathematics and
philosophy, in order to give their
children a right to study
painting, poetry and music ...*

It's taken a few generations longer than John Adams anticipated, but we're certainly moving in the direction he envisioned. The arts in North Carolina are more alive today than ever before, with more people creating, participating, enjoying.

But for all of the progress the arts have made, the obstacles confronting their continuation and growth are still great. The major problem is that of funding. It may surprise you to learn that arts organizations on **any** level — local, state or national — are **not** self-supporting. Far from it. Ticket sales to concerts and plays don't even begin to cover the actual cost of performances. Which means that

dance companies, craft guilds, community theaters and art galleries must depend heavily upon private donations and government appropriations.

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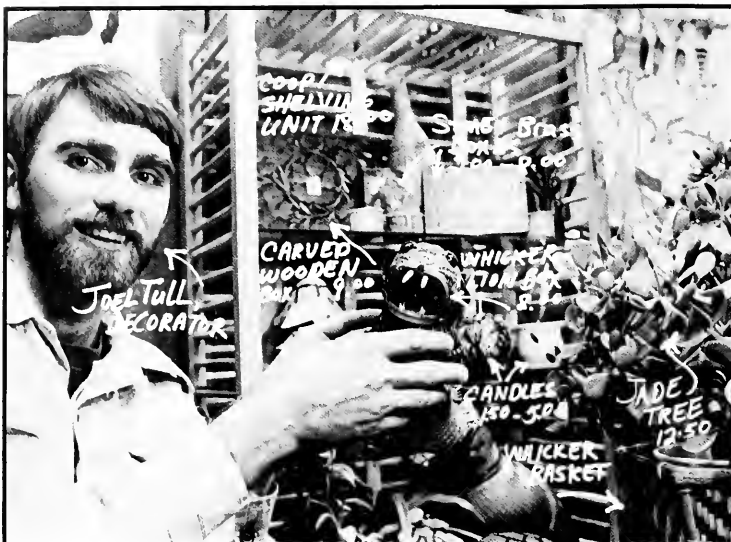
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CORADDI

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THIS MONTH'S COVER IS AN ETCHING BY UNC-G
MFA ART STUDENT GUILLERMO VELASCO. OTHER
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LETTERS

Dear Editor,

Thank you for your letter soliciting comments and support for the new *Coraddi* Magazine along with complimentary copy of the September issue. Many members of our staff are graduates of UNC-G and we have all had the opportunity to read and look over the publication.

We are puzzled by an item in your "Points of Interest" column beginning on Page 26. Please note that the column in its introduction "centers around some of the lesser known and possibly more worthy local merchants in the Greensboro area." On Page 27 the column lists the Greensboro Historical Museum. Perhaps we could be referred to as "merchants of history" but we could hardly be known as a retail business or trade.

We are also puzzled by the comments on the Museum itself. First, the writer says that the Museum is worth a visit and that many people have never seen it but the conclusive statement is that "on the other hand it's free so---373-2043." Does this last sentence mean that there is not much to see but since admission is free, one should come anyway?

Perhaps the writer was one of the 24,230 visitors who have come by this year or perhaps it has been some time since the writer visited at all. A community membership of over 600 people and guided tours for over 200 groups this year demonstrate that the Museum is experiencing exciting growth. Currently, there are over forty exhibits of various topics representing some of the more than 10,000 objects in the Museum's collections. We find it difficult to accept the opinion that "there's not really a whole lot to it."

While we were impressed by the format of the magazine, we were distracted by these comments and could not form an objective opinion on the publication's new concept and approach to the arts. In the future we would suggest a more personal communication with fellow community arts groups before soliciting their support.

Sincerely,
Greensboro Historical Museum
William J. Moore
Director

Unfortunately, a phrase such as "there's not a whole lot to it..." can be viewed in many different ways all relative to the writer and/or reader's perspective. For example, if one were comparing the Greensboro Historical Museum to, say, the Smithsonian, one would have to admit, "there's not really a whole lot to it..." This particular usage of said terminology was not intended in any way to belittle the role that the Historical Museum plays here in Greensboro, but was written from the point of view of one acquainted with much larger collections. Most certainly the Greensboro Historical Museum is an excellent facility, far superior to anything in the surrounding triad area, and, as we said before, "is well worth a visit." -Editor

ESSAY ON BOOKS

"Art is play, or partly play,' they'll tell you with an engaging smile, serving up their non-nutritious fare with the murderous indifference of a fat girl serving up hamburgers."

"Art is essentially serious and beneficial, a game played against chaos death, against entropy... Art rediscoveries, generation by generation, what is necessary to humanness. Criticism restates and clarifies..."

"The trouble is that clarity on the wrong subject can be dangerously misleading, as when we define Count Fosco's crocodile as a smiling animal weighing four hundred pounds."

(John Gardner, *On Moral Fiction*, Basic Books, 1978)

When *On Moral Fiction* appeared on the new book shelf at the library a month or so ago, I grabbed it right up, telling myself that here at last was the long-awaited herald of a return to responsibility in fiction, an aesthetic baedeker that would lead (those of us who feel misled anyway) out of the horrors of nihilism, relativism, and all those other pathways of destruction and distraction which lie before the contemporary artist. The book is for the most part intelligent, honest and readable - it is just loaded with notable barbs and maxims like those above - but, alas, *On Moral Fiction* is not the definitive and flattering righteous onslaught for which I had hoped. Reading the book and working out a response to have taught me to hope no longer - the things Gardner wants to say are matters of faith (or lack of it) which their nature preclude any real hope of critical analysis or persuasion. A given reader's reaction to the book will be very much determined by his preconceptions, and the book will not, for all its passionate assertiveness, change any people's minds on the fundamental basis for art or the purpose behind artistic endeavors.

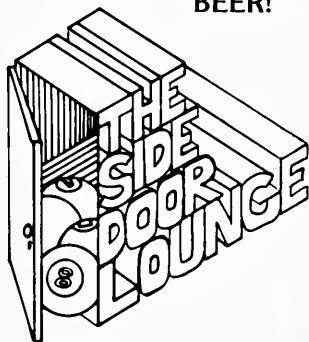
Gardner makes an admirable effort to avoid preachiness in his argument for moral purpose in art, but his flashy style can't escape a tendency toward bombastic rhetoric. The grand statements concerning art's noble and humanizing purpose which litter every page are stimulating the first few times around, but Gardner's self-

proclaimed role as the white knight of letters eventually entangles him in all the problems of public virtue, in this case a huge white horse floundering and crapping all over his argument. His idealism, in other words, leads him stampeding passionately over all sorts of fine but important distinctions, such as that between a cowardly submission to the specter of nihilism and a genuine artistic obsession with the black abyss. You can't very well disagree with Gardner when he says that far too much energy is spent in the futile contemplation of the possibility of meaninglessness, but on the other hand there is nothing very useful in exclaiming authoritatively, "Don't think about it!" Gardner knows all along that the heart of what he is trying to say is inexpressible, and so he is constantly approaching non-existent clinchers in his argument, shouting loudly so that you won't notice the hole. Still, when he is honest about the limitations of his thesis, he gets things said that are very worthwhile. Art should have some active, humanizing purpose: that's easy enough. This purpose transmutes the texture, the "technical effects" of art works into a meaningful structure, into ART. So that art which is all texture, mere technical feats, is bad art. This is very convincing when applied to people like Donald Barthelme, but Gardner ignores too many possibilities for ironic or indirect meanings in his rampage against art that uses the obsessions of the 20th century mentality as tools for transcending and enriching

that mentality. He seems to think that because we cannot take literally to heart a vision of despair such as Samuel Beckett's, we cannot take it seriously. "To worship the unique, the unaccountable and freaky is - if we are consistent - to give up the right to say to our children, 'Be good' What bull! We do not teach our children what is absolutely true, we teach them what is safe, and hope that they learn (possibly through the medium of great art) what is really certain and possible, in the world and out of it. Besides, if we were consistent on such issues we wouldn't need art - art could not exist. Art derives its power from the balancing tensions in human nature. Gardner wants it clear that affirmation and cohesion are the "right" forces in art. But if this were unequivocally so, art would stand up, say (with Gardner) "moral action is action which affirms life," and fade out, its cosmic duty completed. It just isn't that simple. Gardner confesses that he can't understand why art (at least his "moral art") is excluded from Plato's *Republic*. But surely it is clear that any ideal society has no need for art, which is rooted deeply in man's un-ideal and sometimes downright nasty nature. What he surely knows (as a working artist) but sometimes seems to forget (doubtless in his role as a popularizing critic) is that art is subversive, explosive: an emotionally and morally rending exploration into the possibilities, both bleak and hopeful, for humanity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

**"THE HOTTEST
POOL AND
THE
COLDEST
BEER!"**



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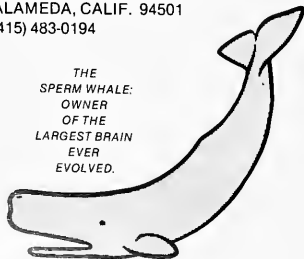


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FACULTY PROFILE

As a small child, Dr. Andreas Nomikos remembers always scribbling and drawing on scraps of paper. "No toys!" he exclaims. "I never played with toys. You see, I always wanted to be an artist." His onyx eyes sparkle as his mouth bursts forth into a whimsical smile.

Andreas Nomikos. Say it. Melt it on your tongue. It sounds romantic, of Old World Greece, like golden notes harmonizing with cherubic fantasy...yet as strong as a Grecian ship pounding fiercely across the blue Aegean...Energetic, of gentle humor and warmth, and of a brilliant mind.



**ANDREAS
NOMIKOS**

Dr. Nomikos is a UNC-G theater professor, set and costume designer. He carries a history of professional and academic credits from around the world in ballet, opera, and theater. Thirty-six successful years in the professional theater is quite a commendation.

Of Grecian parentage, Andreas Nomikos was born and raised in Alexandria, Egypt. At the time of his birth, his father was the manager of the Alexandria branch of the Bank of Athens. After completing high school, young Nomikos went to Greece to pursue further studies. There, he found occupied German forces crawling all over the countryside. It was 1942 when he began attending a two year drama school in Athens. From this school, Charles Kuhn, whom Nomikos holds in high esteem, was the man responsible for organizing fourteen students, Nomikos among them, in the construction of the Athens "Art Theater." Nomikos calls Kuhn a "great actor-maker" and director. This little theater is still prominent in Greece today, and many of the original fourteen students of Kuhn's are successful actors in contemporary Greece.

Since his father was vehemently opposed to Andreas' desire to become a professional theater designer, Andreas later graduated from Athens University...securing a doctorate in law and political science,..."Both of which I have never used." Throughout the world, countries have been blessed to share Nomikos' talents with their audiences. He has designed sets for the Munich Staats Opera in Germany; "la Ferice" theater in Venice; and the "Play Festival" in Florence, among others.

In 1956, Nomikos landed by plane in New York to highlight a lecture tour on Greek drama. The tour's launching pad was at Columbia University, with many more prestigious American academic institutions to follow.

While in the U.S., Nomikos found work designing numerous sets and costumes for many

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

STUDENT PROFILE

"I came back to school to prove something to myself," explains Mary Pierce, a commuting student from Martinsville, Virginia. "I want a degree and I'm interested in learning."

Once a successful television actress, a model in magazines, advertising and fashion shows, Molly Brady Pierce is currently a junior at NC-G, majoring in Broadcasting and Cinema.

"When I first started attending NC-G last January, I was interested in theatre more than anything else. Then I took a TV production course which became more in-



**MARY
PIERCE**

teresting. I'm now taking more TV directing and film production courses because I'm fascinated with them, mainly because it's off the camera and extremely interesting."

A bit modest when I called her a "star," Mary says. "It's all relative as to where you are and how talented others are around you. Some people were just at the right place at the right time. And I just happened to be one of those 'lucky' people."

Born and raised in Bayonne, New Jersey, she began performing at the early age of three, learned to play piano by ear and started dancing when she was four. "I grew up in a period of time when people were very concerned where their next meal was coming from. People were concerned with the war and whether they would have a place to grow, exist and live. There wasn't much attention paid to the cult of being a star."

Would she do it all over again? "Sure I would! You do what you're suited for and you make decisions as you go along. One decision leads to another."

"As for what will happen after graduation?...I don't know. I think that something will happen...something will happen when I am finished. I'm combining production and theatre and as I grow and get through these courses then I will decide what I want or feel talented in doing."

"If I want to work, who would hire me? Those decisions I can't make now because I might be a failure. You can't tell sometimes. You don't succeed in everything you want to do, so I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

Because she grew up around New York, Mary was "exposed to certain things in the performing field." She saw her first Radio City Musical when she was five years old. "I just had those advantages that some didn't."

Growing up during the depression evoked in Mary a cultivation of her artistic and creative talents at an early age. Without the availability of mass media, she was forced to find

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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The Editorial Staff of 1939/40, Pulitzer Prize winner Margaret Coit at the far left, back row.

AN **I**LLUSTRATED
HISTORY OF **C**ORADDI

ARTICLE BY RICH INNES



1957



The Corradi Staff in 1956

"Student literary magazines go through alternating periods of achievement and stagnation," observed Edith Webb Williams, the 1928 avant-garde editor of *Corradi*. Today, 50 years later, *Corradi* is on a hopeful upswing, moving beyond the limits of a "literary" magazine into a position as the "arts" magazine here at UNC-Greensboro.

The seemingly radical changes in design and format that mark this modification are actually nothing new, as a look at the 81-year-long history of *Corradi* clearly attests.

When at the turn of the century, *Corradi* published excerpts from the commencement address of Walter Page Hines, which called for co-educational universities, (a radical, unheard-of notion at the time), and deplored the state of higher education in North Carolina, editor Eleanor W. Andrews set a precedent that was to recur with remarkable regularity as *Corradi* survived the march of time. As the now-deceased editor reflected about the 1900 edition of *Corradi*, "a howl went out" throughout the college over the audacity of the editors to print such heresy.

Thomas Jefferson once remarked that for a country to remain pure, it should have a revolution every 20 years. Browsing through old editions of *Corradi*, one becomes aware of a "revolution" of sorts which appears to have taken place at least once in a decade. Although modest both in appearance and content, the State Normal Magazine of the early 1900's (as *Corradi* was then called) reflected a certain courage on the part of editors. In a day when teaching was the only accepted profession for women, the magazine was publishing articles about careers for women in medicine. As Mrs. Andrews recalled, "There was still a feeling in some homes that such a step was dangerous."

As the decade drew to a close, a period of stagnation set in. As 1909 editor Lolar Dameron recalled, "We did not take our duties too seriously, as I do not recall any one of my associates has followed journalism as a life's work." By 1910, editor Laura Weil Cone described the publication as "too conventional, too serious, and not at all

original in both our attitude and our writing."

But by 1913, the magazine was again taking risks. "In those days our editorial efforts were bent towards helping to establish student government," recalled editor Ethel E. Keiger. "The students were just beginning to venture out upon the bridge of their own ideas and opinions."...Eleanor M. Phillips, the 1914 editor found herself in President Faust's office and was told "very sharply" that she didn't have the right attitude. Her article was censored and never saw the light of publication.

Although the events of the first world war overshadowed life in America, 1917 *Corradi* editor Caroline Hogue remarked that the war to save democracy did not have much concern in the midst of the magazine staff. Rather, their attention was focused on changes occurring in the world of poetry. "Vers Libre and Imagism were the words on our tongues, and the urge to free Poetry from the bondage of the pretty, pretty was strong in us." Mrs. Hogue recalls that their efforts that year cost the editorial staff some

THE GREAT CORADDI CONTROVERSY OF 1954



"As Chancellor of the Woman's College I find it my inescapable duty formally and officially to censure the staff of the *Coraddi* for having demonstrated in its Fall issue bad judgment and irresponsibility in an undergraduate publication in the name of the Woman's College... It is my considered judgment that, even under the most liberal of interpretation, the issue of *Coraddi* in question clearly exceeds the limits of good taste."



The artist, Lee Hall, top center; and editor Debbie Marcus, bottom center, with *Coraddi* staff members of 1954/1955.

The year was 1954, the great debate in the Student Legislature that week was "a recommendation from the rules committee that Monday night be open for dating or going out until 10:30 PM. The statement above was made by then - Chancellor Edward K. Graham, regarding

CONTINUED ON
PAGE 35



The censured drawing...

"harsh ridicule" from the English faculty.

The decade of the '20's saw the stabilization of the publication (which was now called *Corradi*, a name taken from the first letters of the three literary societies on campus, the Cornelian, the Adelphian, and the Dikean) into a twenty-four-

lamented Edith Webb Williams. "I did not feel there was any great interest among students at large. Our chief problem was not to choose among submissions, but to get them."

By 1932, the popularity of *Corradi* was at an all time low. Roberta J. Steiner, who occupied

the *Corradi* rebounded as Georgia Arnett Bonds took the reins in 1937 and concluded in her last issue an entire section of work contributed by the Art Department. Her efforts were rewarded by a third place national rating by the National Collegiate Press Association. By 1940, *Corradi* was attracting

"When I came to school as a freshmen, it was a great jolt to me to find out what most of the student body thought about the Corradi: absolutely nothing."

page student magazine. Interest declined, and the spark of life seemed to flicker perilously close to being snuffed out altogether. "It wasn't always an easy matter to get submissions," recalls Emeline G. Whisnant, editor in 1922, who resorted to the mercenary tactic of offering prizes for the best poems. "I consider 1928-29 one of the downswings of the cycle for *Corradi*,"

the editor's desk at that time, commented on the deplorable state of the magazine: "when I came to school as a freshman, it was a great jolt to me to find out what most of the student body thought about the *Corradi*: absolutely nothing. I remember that many of them never bothered to take their copies out of the mail boxes."

Despite the presence of apathy,

multitudes of contributions, among those, works from a then struggling young author, Margaret Coit, who was later to accept a Pulitzer Prize for her writing.

The Arts Forum issue was given birth in the spring of 1943, attracting national attention and participation. This issue, which took a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

HWY. 218 Head- on

Driving the highways of continents knelling capillaries
of the Milky Way, navigator of starred terrain,
in my cabin warm and scrupulously glowing I feel
the ice of its diesel veins run; all connected lighthouse:

In such motion the world never stills:
twilight wind rakes streams to transfixed furrows
in roadside ditches solemn and deeper even than water.
Far birds weave their chemical dots and ring between leaf
and risen stone cliffs which teeth, completely solidifying,
the horizon with their slow and volcanic laughs.

Over darkening, splintered empty back-country bridges
my wheels swallow time and the fast buck shadow
feed of the long haul—orchards whose fruits seem obliged
to stay nameless in me lean and tremble, grassed by
the motion cloaks of unfurled germs impatient skin becoming more
blossoms and ant-ridden where any summer passes its blades green.



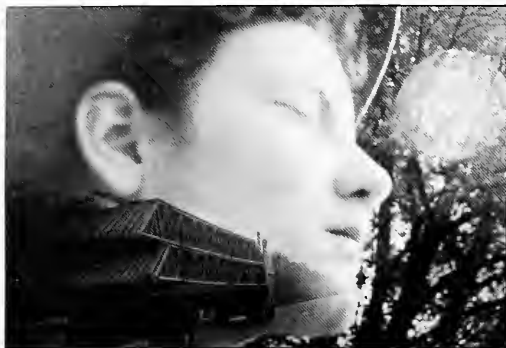
Tickled with my semis rattle, eastward, my axles
are turning across a world of wheels, drumming what
my throat won't hold as song, spark, or dream revelations;
I recline through and along and between unfenced lands,
rising with reach into skyless distances, pulling my herds of cattle
and grain, all freight laying long behind, engines burning mystic, the
moon and stars-deepening night suspended somehow in glass before my driving.



Across Route Ten East Texas through icy incubations, glaciers of memory,
into Louisiana swamps breathing alive in warm, wild birds, cats,
and suddenly— a teenage girl hitching over the left shoulder,
out alone across cool sloughs...I pull to her as a man does home
after wars, awaiting entry of her mystery to my mirrors.
and sweat trembling, forever recruited it seems to flesh.
She bobs truckside and my skin chills thrilled by her touch on my steel.

Our unknown eyes urgently meet as she rises, opening the door
into Andromeda tangling wisped in her colorless hair,
the moon persistently is hanging in crow gust and tree groan,
which makes luminescent a tractor in bent, churchy shadows, behind her:
the fields pour out from beneath it in a moment,
grassy backs broken and tilled to waves and awaiting
any upthrust silent creeping tendrils of light or rain; and she enters.

Over radio bands others voices invisibly wrinkle air,
across this black ebbing web of asphalt throbbing, then moving again
each white line begins walking slowly from darks demolition to tread
under high-beams, scarring startled roadside eyes.
All talk is of night fringed highways, bodies floating
though smoothly condensed heavens of sense—perpetual parents of time...
And the girl crumples sleeping beside me; my old age melts in her maybe sixteen.



Part of her looks unborn at dreams and she jerks
as I turn hard on to HWY. 218, flinging my stiff rig towards the Pole Star.
We ride in deep holes where hands are conceived,
tendons unwound in, nebulously, clouds of difficult ocean,
our elastic and salt playgrounds yearning to starve and not be.
And your breasts begin too young flint blooming pale dew sway warmly near
where the blouse blows aside in heater breeze and dial lights cling soft.

Between smoke shadows each sensed thing is another dimension—flowers
which vine, strangling in garlands, old pines—whippoorwill or hawks floating
talk, the thud of small rodents clawed down or insects for food
breaking their hurled necks on the transparency of my windshield...
Sleeping like a root, you, unnamed and close by, still smolder
and can flare desiring gardens from a stump. Passions roam unleashed from
as such Pasadena to Chicago, or China even through matrons and many nymphs.



Going through a small town she is lit occasionally up neon
and landscapes of humming she dreams in
of unending highways soul flitting by
vision and wind-stalked in the deadly balance
where unconfused hearts toil with nothing.

Nights jet cruise above the diners and gas station
attendants; so many fueled mystics—a man-body; new
feet whose destiny also must be dust and the smooth fade
into still and cold shifting spatial refrigerators, once uplifted,
has marred the moon paled steps rolling on her form:
muscle and skull coiled in sleep colliding
on her arm which wants to reach distant systems:
she leans on the door handle and is marked.

Her eyes start awake as I slow, but return to rest—
traveling quickly once beyond the town signs—
Antares moves at the root of far mountains,
showing how charted all throbs are...reflecting maps
her hair untwists silver
where we turn in the sky of the Ozarks
and breathe fire across Arkansas towards Georgia on the long haul.

Writing by Michael
Photography by Jayne



Our faces have turned to night,
these mountains blow up stone
through leaf mold & nuclear
buds opening dream signatures—
rain columns strike, slurring light,
snap dropping from wiper slaps,
bend dry leaves, drive lost butterflies and chickens to sleep
under houses which squat without noise on unused, hardly bordered farms.
Who is this who she might be, queenly in baths of sun? An Ibis?
To know to touch her so nice this
snow-dust wraith almost all dawned mist heart hers like all Egypt

formed and joined just for making more from loves empty hip churn:
creations walls broken next to maybe be
closed in soft clouds...I reach longing for what stalks in her—
sudden lights! ominously towards here coming, one hand only steering
wrench of wheel in soft curbs too fast frenzies corners collapse
huntings peril our eyes meet and we meet tearing
helplessly we wrap head-on in burn-out
down smoke our engines breaking into gas-blossomed air as we touch
lastly unballing quasar bursts lines broken in instant blistering
melted to vapor whose radiance unreined hatchets
leaning horses sleep opening
past matters cabins—

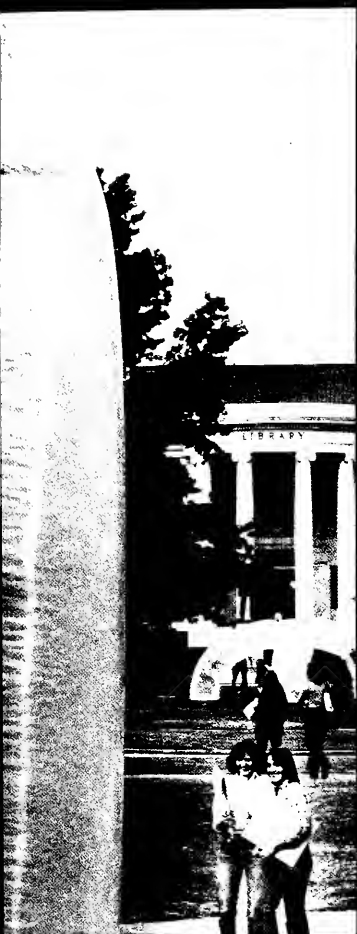
then stepping from light, finally fully grey-eyed and sped virginal
past things you where other too must wander time and break...
short of the jobs destination, outside Little rock where now shadows explode—

heard less a dawn cricket chimes thighs,
perfectly moving mated translated to
rapture amid deserted lawns
a moment still
mainlight streams: & sings
stars random patterns, unthawing
space where we're
gone.



INFLATABLES









All too infrequently do things like this happen. Large billowing shapes covered the campus; giggles, smiles and laughter filled the air. People actually stopped and spoke to one another. A pure "event", meaningless and meaningful at one and the same time.

The occasion was a simple one: a design class project assigned by art instructor Jim Gallucci. There was a pyramid, a doughnut, an obelisk, a tennis racket; most of the others could not be named at all. Yet they shared a common construction: plain old atmospheric air, molded and surrounded by a thin shell of plastic.

The fine assignment beget another. Photography instructor Doren seized upon the opportunity to have his advanced class attempt to capture the monsters on film. The results of the second assignment reveal the first, a melange of sculptural art which captured the entire campus for most of a day.

The photographs on these few pages include the work of students Tim Weiant, David Nelson and Judy Finch, plus a shot by Doren himself.

A QUESTION OF UC/LS

According to Cliff Lowery, Dean of Student Development and Director of the University Concert Lecture Series, the Series was originally intended to bring cultural arts to the campus: "I guess the name change has mislead many students." It has been statistically shown that student attendance very rarely exceeds 30 per cent at any given program, and shortly after Lowery took his present position, the publicity thrust of UC/LS shifted to the community. Perhaps it was because of this lack of student interest, but Cliff Lowery says not so: "We prefer to see the student as a member of the community, not some separate entity shut within institutional walls." It is readily admitted that promotional efforts are channeled through the local media, more available to the surrounding community than the campus. "We've had to compete for everything on campus: newspaper space, just ordinary exposure...but you have to understand, we don't want to sell any more season memberships. Members would take up all sections and this programming is for students."

However, dissention is beginning to mount within the ranks of the concerned who are tired of the administrative control on student activity fees and the apparent disregard for what the campus really wants to see.

"If they'd bring people that the students want to hear, attendance would be higher," says Sue Wyatt, a UNC-G Senior.

Frankie Biggs, a Junior at UNC-G and a campus resident said, "It's more or less for the students, but I don't think students have enough voice in what is presented. They have the various committees with student membership encouraged, but Cliff Lowery makes the final decision." "We're paying for the fucking community's entertainment...but it's the administration again, so we pay our activity fees, sit back and watch them float away. What can you do?" says Connie Sahlie, UNC-G Junior.

"It depends on what you regard as contemporary or 'popular' groups," comments Dr. John Jellicorse, head of the Communication and Theatre Department. "The Beatles could well be the classical performers of the future. Beethoven was surely considered pop in his day, but look how he is regarded now."

Faculty and students alike question the validity of UC/LS's programming "for students." The resulting discussion has prompted this magazine to present the arguments and the facts as they exist.

?

Greensboro, North Carolina 27412

Art Jazz Festival

...blowing hall of fame of jazz
...parting the best of the Newcom
...Co-sponsored by the School of

Barnes

The University Performing Artist Series has existed on the campus of UNC-G since the institution of its first ancestor, the "Cultural Arts Series" of the State Normal and Industrial College (1926). In 1973, it was renamed the University Concert/Lecture Series, a modification from its immediate predecessor, the "Performing Artist Series." That year marked the beginning of expansion in finances and programming, and promotion of the Series to the entire community. The budget for UC/LS totalled \$61,000 (1973-74 season) and presented 32 events. Student activity fees supplies \$28,000 with the remaining \$33,000 coming from individual ticket sales and season memberships. In 1977-78, UC/LS brought 58 programs on \$160,000, with student activity fees contributing \$75,000. Increased promotional efforts included employment of local television, radio, and news media; a system of billboards throughout Greensboro; and the distribution of brochures.

Three committees form the framework of the Concert/Lecture Series. The Performing Artist Series Committee is composed of: faculty members David Batchellor, Gay Cheney, Claire Kelleher, Sheryle Kunkle, David Moskivitz, and students Julia Biggs, Debra Bridges, and John McWhorter. Students were not given the opportunity to participate on the Performing Artists Committee until 1973, when student representation was suggested by Lowery. Members are appointed by the Chancellor. This committee is the central administrative unit of UC/LS, and is responsible for the majority of the scheduling and decision making of the Series. It meets frequently in the late winter and early spring, as scheduling for a given season is done as much as a year in advance.

The second and larger body is the UC/LS Advisory Committee, whose membership is open to any student, faculty or staff member interested in working with UC/LS. This group is solely ad hoc, or advisory, in nature, and serves to give a greater dimension to the development of the series. More than sixty members serve on this year's Advisory Committee.

The third (and administratively most important) is the Chancellor's Committee on the Performing Arts. It is composed primarily of members of the Board of

UC/LS FINANCIAL STATEMENT

1977-78

Income:

Season Memberships	\$ 38,822.00
Door Sales	11,373.40
Individual Tickets	35,133.50
Travelogue Memberships	8,141.50
Travelogue Individual	2,494.50
Miscellaneous Income	4,873.58
Student Fees	79,376.00
Total Income	\$180,214.48

Expenses

EPA Academic Salaries	\$ 2,275.00
Student Wages	22,171.82
FICA	92.90
Artist's Fees	130,964.11
Other Supplies	3,142.86
Office Supplies	1,035.79
Food Products	1,411.93
Travel	4,004.56
Communication	2,707.12
Printing	5,580.61
Repairs and Maintenance	1,335.97
Freight and Express	143.53
Advertising	4,157.33
Miscellaneous Services	173.33
Equipment Rental	1,552.33
Equipment Purchase	1,243.07
Fixed Charges	2,894.22
Total Expenses	\$184,881.48



CLIFF LOWERY.....

Trustees, including UNC-G Chancellor James S. Ferguson and Student Government President Ralph Wilkerson. Its leadership is called upon to give final approval before the contracting of events.

The scheduling of concerts and events is probably more complicated on the UNC-G campus than at any other state-supported institution in North Carolina. The UNC-G situation is unique in that it basically has one performance facility that can be used year round: Aycock Auditorium. Aycock is located at the edge of campus on the corner of Tate Street and Spring Garden and can accommodate approximately 2,300 persons. Taylor Theatre, which houses the main offices of the Communication and Theatre Department, is situated between Aycock and the Music Building on Tate Street. Taylor is a small auditorium, seating about 700. The Music Building, next door, has a tiny recital hall, with seating for no more than a hundred. Cone Ballroom, in Elliott University Center, is large, and can accommodate a fair number of people, but it is a ballroom and not meant for performance-oriented programs. Curry Gymnasium, on Spring Garden Street, has been utilized in times past for various events, but it is somewhat dilapidated and uncomfortable, and useless for productions of any magnitude.

These inadequacies are enhanced by the existence of a huge facility, within a mile of campus, that can house any performer, regardless of size or popularity. The Greensboro Coliseum has a capacity of about 16,000, which makes it difficult to attract

groups of a contemporary standing to UNC-G, all the more so because of Aycock's limitations.

Facilities on campus should be for use by students and for productions by students," says Dr. Jellicorse. His department must rely on Taylor Theatre for a multiplicity of uses, including Theatre Department projects, set construction, and rehearsals. However, the Communication and Theatre Department must provide its own income through productions. "If we go in the hole, there's no one that can bail us out. We must take in some kind of income to keep us above water."

With UC/LS bringing major theatrical performances to Aycock, the student productions next door in the smaller Taylor facility often find the competition damaging.

Even so, UC/LS maintains the need for even more funding. Currently providing money to pay salaries of students working in Aycock as ushers and backstage personnel, as well as covering the costs of replacement equipment such as lights, a separate state budget is being sought for paying such expenses. "That's what we've been screaming for," says Phillip Myers-Reid, manager of Aycock. The State Legislature has not approved it, but Myers-Reid says, "We will get the budget within three years." He estimates that even \$5,000 could help. Last year's income for the series totalled \$180,214.48, yet expenses ran to \$184,881.48.

"A smaller facility, specifically a new wing to be constructed onto Elliott Center, could be the ideal



solution to our present situation," says Cliff Lowery. "It's in the works...far in the future, but the longer we wait, the farther in the future it becomes a reality." The proposed auditorium, to be housed in the new wing, would tentatively accomodate 1,000 people, a sort of 'in-between' facility. Unfortunately, however, it would not improve the prospects for popular programming, which dictates something larger.

Scheduling of popular performers is further complicated by the performers themselves. Marty Wagner, co-chairperson of the Elliott University Council Concerts Committee, the primary student-run group concerned, analyzes the process in five steps: "First, we have to find out what groups or performers are generally popular. Then, we weed out the ones we can't afford and start contacting promoters. This can knock out a lot if events if no one is touring the eastern seaboard or even the U.S. at all! Aycock (auditorium) often doesn't have enough seats for a performer asking 70 per cent of the ticket sales, so that either knocks them out completely or we can try to work something out. Finally, we check for a date that Aycock is open. It's obviously complicated," Waggoner sums up. The UC/LS process is basically the same, but adds one more additional hurdle: approval by the Chancellor's Committee on the Performing Arts.

The Student Government Report of September 13, 1978, quotes figures on the dispersal of student activity fees. UC/LS receives \$88,195.61 from the total \$1,124,115.00 and a sizeable chunk in proportion to that

of the Elliott Center Council Concerts Committee, which receives approximately one-third (\$17,000) of EUC's allotted \$50,000 estimate. According to a report issued by UC/LS in 1975, rock contemporary, or popular direction has come from the Elliott Council or other academic department. "Pablo Cruise, alone, charges \$15,000," says Marty Waggoner. That would obviously deplete the Concerts Committee budget for an entire year. The Concerts Committee situation may get some assistance from the Social Concerns Committee, which is chaired by Tammy Miller. This Committee was recently allotted \$40,000 by the Senate and although the exact programs for which this money is to be used are still rather obscure, EUC Concerts Committee was able to schedule Phoebe Snow and Dan Hill by supplementing its budget with Social Concerns monies.

A separate concerts committee, independent of UC/LS, Elliott Council, and Senate, might bridge the gap between the popular programming that UC/LS was not intended to bring, and the lack of funds that the EUC Concerts Committee finds its projects strangled by. It *could* be the answer, but its establishment might begin duplicating efforts and make even more people unhappy. The most important question would be the funding of such a committee, particularly if it were to be established outside the confines of the organizations that are presently budgeted.

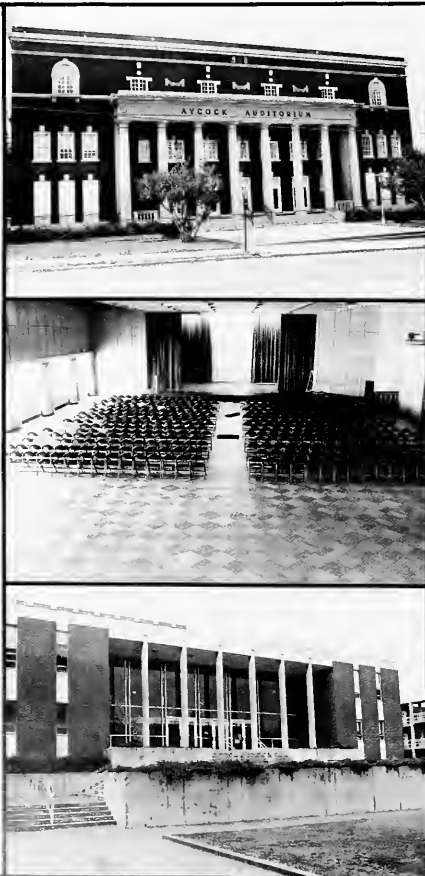
Cliff Lowery says that UC/LS is breezing along and that things look good for this season: "Memberships

ESTIMATED COST OF SELECTED PERFORMERS 1978-79 SEASON

	MOSCOW PHILHARMONIC	MERCE CUNNINGHAM*	THE WIZ	F. LEE BAILEY
ARTIST FEES	\$16,000	\$13,500	\$21,000	\$4,250
LOCAL PRODUCTION COSTS	3,000	2,000	4,000	200
PROMOTION	2,000	600	2,500	300
TICKETS	200	100	100	100
FACILITY	1,000	500	500	500
HOSPITALITY, TRAVEL				
MISCELLANEOUS	400	100	200	79
	<u>22,600</u>	<u>16,800</u>	<u>28,300</u>	<u>5,425</u>

*Received a grant for 1/3 of the cost of the Merce Cunningham Residency.

UNC-G's three
main performance
facilities: (top to
bottom)
Aycock Auditorium,
Cone Ballroom,
Taylor Theatre.



and attendance are up and we are anticipating the best season ever." Apparently, the administration is in total agreement. The growing dissent among students and faculty alike is not a topic that the Board of Trustees has on top of its 'Campus Concerns' pile. The present financial situation of UNC-G is blatantly clear with its designation as 13th in the sequence of 16 state supported schools (in capital income). There is a multi-million dollar Business and Economics complex under construction, the New Administration Building is still unfinished, and hundreds of UNC-G students and community residents are grumbling about the parking situation. These realities can account for part of the administrative grip on funds. UC/LS is holding its own financially and that has kept it in the good graces of the administration.

Perhaps Student Government President Ralph Wilkerson sums it up best. "UC/LS provides the best of only one possible world. It offers "culture," yet doesn't provide the students the popular programming they

"UC/LS REPRESENTS THE BEST OF ONLY ONE POSSIBLE WORLD."

desire. In a lot of cases the popular programming is of a higher artistic value by present standards than the so-called "classics" that UC/LS brings in. I also believe it does not fairly represent the best spending of student activity fees, and it fails to consider those students with modern tastes, by far the majority of students on this campus." In the meantime UC/LS continues to receive a sizeable amount of student money, despite the inequities and conflicts, and despite the dissension.



Guillermo Velasco





The MFA Program:

“We admit on the basis of writing.”

ARTICLE BY ERIC RIES

Lee Zacharias leans back in her chair, extending an arm slightly toward the interviewer, as if to stress her point. “The emphasis,” she explains, “is not on publication, but on perfecting the writer and the writing.” This comment comes on the heels of a rather lengthy listing of the publishing achievements of graduates of the UNC-G Master of Fine Arts program on which she expounds.

The publishing legacy of the program was a topic that brought smiles of satisfaction to the faces of each of the members of the MFA faculty interviewed. Mr. Tom Kirby-Smith mentions, “It’s fun to meet the students...,” and adds with an ironic grin, “who often end up in better academic positions than we have.”

LEE ZACHARIAS

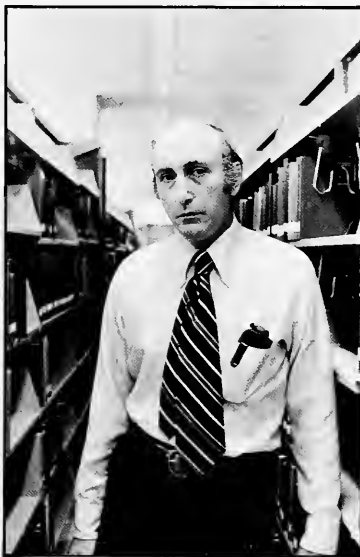


The MFA program, headed by Dr. Zacharias and consisting also of Mr. Kirby-Smith, Dr. Robert Watson, and Dr. Fred Chappell, has existed in one form or another at UNC-G for some twenty-five years, but began to expand only during the sixties into a concrete program and a self-conscious sub-section of the English department's graduate course offerings. As Kirby-Smith put it, "As soon as the idea became respectable, then a program was established." He listed similar programs at Stanford, Columbia, and Iowa in the early sixties as precedents to the UNC-G experiment.

Graduate students applying to the program submit not only the standard materials such as undergraduate transcripts and GRE (Graduate Record Examination) scores, but a writing sample as well. Usually a dozen or so poems, a short story, or a chapter from a book, this writing sample is critiqued by each member of the MFA faculty and is the most important single aspect upon which acceptance is based. Robert Watson goes so far as to say, "We admit on the basis of writing," pointing out that the student's academic history carries less weight in MFA admissions than it does in most graduate admissions procedures. Watson explains that the emphasis of the program is "pointing writers in the right direction," and that such efforts are necessarily frustrated if the writer does not have enough native talent to even merit corrective guidance. Even so, Kirby-Smith goes on to suggest that perhaps the most instructive aspect of the program for these students is the dawning realization that they ought to forsake creative writing altogether.

There are usually twenty to thirty students in the program in any

given year. They must take twelve to eighteen hours in writing courses, and another twelve to eighteen hours in related academic fields. They receive six hours credit for a culminating thesis, which is usually a short-book-length volume of fiction or poetry. The best of the student works may appear in *The Greensboro Review*, a nationally-known literary magazine edited by Ms. Zacharias. Students may also receive an opportunity to teach



TOM KIRBY-SMITH

while in the program, as was the case with noted Greensboro playwright Tom Huey, who is now a prominent figure in the city's United Arts Council.

Huey, a Jarrell Fellow to the MFA program from 1974 to 1976, speaks enthusiastically of his experiences both as a student and an instructor with the program. The number one feature of MFA work, according to Huey, is being able to buy time to write. "You have to be serious enough to know you'll need time to write, and the MFA program provides that time." Huey says the

program also gave him the time to teach. "I learned a lot from my students. If you're able to teach while you're writing, you gain a double perspective."

Huey characterizes the faculty input the students receive in the program as progressive and helpful ("criticisms are usually justified"), but he is not as positive about student attitudes. Huey contends that "A lot of the people are out to 'get' other people. Student criticisms are never as vicious as in MFA programs." He mentions as well that there is not a great sense of comradeship among MFA students, most of whom live off campus. "But people shouldn't need that." He sees a need to focus upon the program as a writing forum, rather than a social outlet.

Yet ties and friendships do spring from MFA origins. If not always between peers, then between instructors and students. Dr. Watson comments that one of the great pleasures of teaching in the programs is that the faculty never seem to lose their former students. Even though not all carry on an actual correspondence with their former faculty, some of their names will crop up in various publications from time to time. The professor carelessly leafs through any number of nationally known literary reviews, pulling out from their pages the names of former UNC-G MFA students. The point Watson makes is that in the world of arts and letters, keeping up with the career of a former student through his or her published works is a fundamental way of keeping in touch with the person himself. For the literary world is the writer's frame of reference. A published work by a former student takes on the same significance as a fond remembrance by a relative on a Christmas card. And one notes the relish of this knowledge in each faculty member's face.

There is much cause for satisfaction. Former students have

written for virtually every major literature-oriented magazine in the country, including *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Nation*, and *The New Yorker*. Many have gone on to teach in prominent American universities such as Yale, Auburn, and Michigan State.

The MFA program of 1978 seems to be in good shape, with a rich literary tradition, an adept faculty, and an enrollment of about twenty-five students. Yet Tom Huey warns of a shift in economic priorities by the Liberal Arts school from MFA and English to the Psychology Department. Huey bemoans this occurrence as a drain on the quality of the MFA's visiting writers program. Visiting writers in the past have included such notables as Joseph Heller and James Allen MacPherson, but Huey predicts a downward trend in quality unless more money is pumped into the program.

In addition, counsels the MFA information sheet put together by Ms. Zacharias, an MFA certificate no more guarantees students a job than any other masters degree. Perhaps this sums up the purpose of the program better than any other quote could. "If job security is your main consideration in undertaking graduate study, you should learn a trade instead."



TOM HUEY

The Greensboro Reader

In the year 1968 a book was published out of UNC-G, edited by Bob Watson and Gibbons Ruark, a book entitled The Greensboro Reader. The editor's note at the beginning of the book stated that "Every contributor to the reader has either received a degree from the University of North Carolina at Greensboro or has been a full-time teacher in the English Department. Each has published or has ready for publication at least one book or poetry or fiction."

Among those contributors were included well-known magazine and publishing industry editors, free-lance writers, distinguished poets, noted writing professors, a National Book Award winner, and a number of younger individuals who have since gone on to similar accomplishments.

The Greensboro Reader was an outgrowth of The Greensboro Review, UNC-G's graduate literary magazine, barely two years old, which had already recieved major international recognition. The Reader's Contributors also included a number of former Coraddi editors and contributors, and spoke highly of the old Arts Forum which had been organized as a cooperative effort between Coraddi and the English Department.

For any student of UNC-G interested in writing as a profession, The Greensboro Reader is an incredibly interesting volume of work. Perhaps, as is suggested by the editors themselves, there will someday be a Greensboro Reader 2. We certainly hope so.



BOB WATSON

THE CHRISTENING

The whole damn family was there:
aunts, uncles, cousins, and lesser relatives.
Matriarch of the family, Grandmother Emily Stern,
who we lovingly refer to as "Head of the Department,"
reigned over the christening of her umpteenth grandchild.
Aunt Sylvia (bless her soul)
noted his Aryan eye.
Ancient GreatAunt Anne simply patted his cheek
and said a quiet prayer over him.
Mumbling under his breath,
no doubt taken with the child,
Uncle Robert looked at Apollo
in his white lace gown
looking like an exquisite French pastry;
alright, the image is wrong, but the name is right, yes
he was named Apollo
after the rocket that landed on the moon.
Cousin Edgar wanted to know
why anyone would want to bring
a child into the world nowadays?
Grandmother Stern scolded him,
told Edgar to shut his mouth
or she'd sever his vocal cords
with her sewing scissors!
Black sheep of the family, Uncle Winslow demanded
that the child have a Christian name,
though much to his chagrin,
he was named Apollo Thomas Stern
in memory of an uncle on both sides.
Grandfather Walter, indulgent, quite taken with himself,
brought Apollo a blue rattle and a silver spoon,
a football, baseball, basketball, marbles, the list goes on...
ad infinitum.
Amid praise and scores of relatives,
Apollo's parents guarded his crib
wondering, wondering and
waiting.

consumer protection

warning! to prevent shock hazard
do not disassemble this unit or
remove protective shield

THE SUCCESSION OF THE POPE

Twelve bishops carry the bier
into Saint Peter's Basilica
for the final rites of passage;
solemn priests shower the dry bones
of the Bishop of Rome with Holy Water;
altar boys in frilly frocks
swing incense to heaven:
white puffs of scented smoke.

black hole

massholder of the universe
a button holding galaxies together
all my energy is turned within
the classic introvert
even light cannot escape me
the gravest of gravities
an unnaturally heavy angel
if you squeezed all the people who have lived
into a common egg
that is how dense I am
the ultimate logic, the final conclusion
I warn you in your universal journey
stay outside my sphere of influence
otherwise I'll absorb everything you are
I am the logical interpolation of an equation

dregs

jobless, dirty, single
these hobos of the highway
ride their masculinity
between their legs
on the black leather seats
of their motorcycles
what is the function of men
more noxious than ants at a picnic
and less easily killed

allow them to tempt me
I will show them justified revenge
and hate in a civilized hand

the crude force

I am
the sure hand of the surgeon
who operates on his friends
with scathing remarks that
part the flesh above the breastbone and
scrape the ribs and
dig into the heart
and
the even hand of the jeweler
who with cutting rejoinders
splits lovers
more rare than gems



I-TERRORIST

terrorism in the newspapers and in my head
dissident organs impugn the social order
bombed blood vessels hemorrhage unleashing
red armies of corpuscles that
hold the emotions hostage
for ransom
safe passage out of the body
for psychological asylum
try to stab your own heart without spilling the blood
find pleasure in material destruction
and spiritual death



VARIATIONS BY EDWARD ELGAR, OP. 36.
ARRANGEMENT FOR VIOLONCELLO.

warranty void if tampered with
refer to qualified service personnel

surrogate suffering

nourishing experience helps to wean me
away from my past
and fill my empty stomach with love
I crack my ribs open
for friends to warm their hands in my blood
you cant ever wash it from your hands
my pupils dilate to capture
the light of smiles
and we sat there at the table
talking about coming home
I knew I was there already
mirrored tears appeared
I wanted badly to freeze-dry
time and space
at that moment and place
I was so happy
but that ageless virgin whore
seduced me into the bed of fear
and I sucked at the fat tit of anxiety

temper tantrum

what I do is not without precedent
the doctor pulled me from the tunnel of love
and when he turned me upsidedown to spank me
being cold, naked, and angry
I pissed in his face
a defiant little brat
I would threaten to hold my breath
until Id turn blue in the face
or throw a fit when I wanted attention
shaking my fist and banging my head on the floor
screaming infantile obscenities at my universe
until I fell asleep
now I draw your attention to my play pen
youd better take note of me
or Ill throw barbs of words
that will hook in your throat
when I talk about the end of things
you must believe me
a big boy can take steps to end his misery
all I want is to be held and cuddled
and loved unconditionally
all I need is a good spanking

how weird to be a waterfall

the last great ice sheet retreated
 above the fall line, higher than the plateau, in the mountain
 there arose an abrupt steepening of the river channel
 first exhibiting turbulent flow and white water
 washing over the cliff into a cascade
 I was a freely falling body
 the effect of many individual water parcels
 and scoured out a plunge pool at my feet
 a basin nearly equal to my height
 a glacial stairway remains of my frigid age
 stepping up to my mouth
 now I become the roaring cataract
 and my upward migration has begun along my hairline
 for with the passage of time it is the inescapable tendency of streams
 to eliminate so gross a discordance as me
 we waterfalls are transient features when considered
 within the compass of geological time
 because of our great self-destructive power
 the fate of most of us is our transformation into rapids
 as a result of our erosive energy
 lack of permanence is sorrowfully
 the hallmark of waterfalls

who does your gardening?

above the crooked nose bridge
 a footpart meanders across her head
 washed out mornings with shampoo and dew
 she tosses back a scalp of weeds
 where wildflowers once grew but now
 she has a garden on her head
 untended the brush is overgrown
 so I offer you my services
 to let me farm your mind
 first I'd transplant a few shade trees
 and set a garland in orbit above your brow
 then furrow the topsoil with my plow
 and plant cash crops after the last frost
 at harvest moon I could feast on your head
 what a yield it would be
 if you let me cultivate your mind
 and landscape your emotions



NEW ERA BOUTIQUE

1003 Spring Garden Street



"Long Beach Sound"

Lucy Spencer
Oil on Paper

14 X 21

ART ON PAPER

Weather spoon Gallery
November 19 - December 17

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

But now we must grant the truth of Gardner's strongest argument that although art is not responsible to any ethical or moral system in its ranging over the human potential, it is nevertheless responsible to itself - there is an inner integrity, a striving toward felt truth, that art must maintain to be art. Taken as an ideal, this integrity is difficult to maintain as a working artist, and certainly all but impossible to formulate critically. It is at any rate a rare quality which illuminates only real, enduring works of art. Gardner spends too much time trying for this elusive formulation, and then far too much time applying it in a querulous rant against the mass of mediocre contemporary art. Most art, like humanity, is mediocre and always has been: what else is new? What is dangerous is the defection of genuine talent, even genius, from a commitment to communicate. Explorations of the nihilist abyss, the absurd, etc., are all worthwhile if the artist makes it back, changed, maybe shaken, but healthy enough to give us a scouting report on what he has learned. Some of the bitter attacks on fellow writers in this book are well put and possibly deserved. Gardner rightly berates the slick but superficial approach of writers whose inconsistent thinking leads them into emotionally dishonest writing. Too many artists, he feels, mistake sincerity for honesty. Sincerity can reflect a moment's plunge into despair or indifference, a lyric plunge into an emotional or intellectual extreme. But a postulated situation, (such as an absurd or deterministic universe) must be assimilated into the artist's personal vision to gain the concrete honesty of a felt truth. An artist who lacks wholeness or depth of vision, an artist who is consumed by self-hate or bare of any sense of otherness, is crippled as an artist, for he has no basis for re-appropriating his experiences into a meaningful structure. At his best Gardner transcends the particularities of his own tastes and values and expounds convincingly the idea that a real work of art should, whatever its

premises or world view, reflect genuine and sustained imaginative grappling with the human concerns contained in the work and implied by the work.

On Moral Fiction is a stimulating book, touching nerves rubbed raw by many of the baffling aspects of contemporary art. Careful readers who care about art as a humanizing force will find much to think about, and even a little with which to agree.

JOHN JONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the appearance in *Coraddi* of a drawing of a nude male by a young co-ed and member of the *Coraddi* staff, Lee Hall. The Chancellor went on to describe the drawing as "un-inhibited" realism, and the resulting debate was reported in newspaper as far away as the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

Within hours of the announcement by the Chancellor a reply was released by editor Debbie Marcus. "The *Coraddi* staff feels that good taste in a fine arts magazine is the same as good taste in art, and that anything that is suitable for drawing and writing is suitable for printing or exhibiting. Therefore, the entire *Coraddi* staff believes that in the future, consideration of political expediency will, because of censures such as this, have to be of prime consideration."

"And since the *Coraddi* staff members are not politicians but students of the arts, they believe their resignations are in order."

The resignations did not end with the student staff. English faculty member Lettie Hamlett Rogers, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of WC and a key figure in the development of the MFA writing program resigned shortly afterward, "in protest of administrative action...." Student Legislature, at first confirming the censure, reversed itself and voted against the action, prompting the Chancellor to write an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

November Season Events



Royal Winnipeg Ballet

Royal Winnipeg *

November 2
The internationally acclaimed Royal Winnipeg Ballet accompanied by an orchestra of fourteen pieces.

Merce Cunningham

November 4
A radical new vision of what a dance performance can be.

Ferrante and Teicher

November 11
Duo piano artistry at its best, with classical and contemporary favorites for all.

Murray Louis Dance Company*

November 15
The stunning visual force of the modern dance world.

University Wind Ensemble

November 13

University Symphony

November 21

*Co-sponsored by Civic Ballet Theatre & UNC-G Dance Division

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"AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF CORADDI"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

chance on relatively unknown undergraduate authors from other areas, printed the early writings of people whose names today have become synonymous with literature, among them James Dickey, Robert Agee, William Pitt Root, Sylvia Wilkerson, Flannery O'Conner, Oscar Williams, and Mac Hyman. Reflecting on the Arts Forum, one former *Coraddi* editor comments, "Sometimes despairingly sentimental, sometimes bleak and fragmentary, on rare occasions penetrating and memorable, the writing in *Coraddi* has reflected attention to, if not perfection in, recognized standards of artistic discipline."

The war years of the early 40's again caused an apprehensive gloom to settle over the nation. Black and White issues of *Corradi* urged students to give their support to the seventh war loan drive. Columns were begun about the service men stationed around the world. The literature itself reflected the tension of a country at war, yet it focused more on the agony of those who waited behind. A poem entitled "Returning Soldier," a story about a young woman who cannot marry her boyfriend on his way to war, and essays on democracy reflected the war as seen on a different battlefield.

The 1950's ushered in the happy days, along with Randall Jarrell and an increased budget for the *Corradi*. Editors broke from the rigid mold of layout and content that had characterized the first half of the

century, and began to use futuristic color designs on the cover. The Arts Forum continued to gain momentum, recruiting such noted authors as Flannery O'Conner and Randall Jarrell to lead panel discussions on literature. Gwen Griswold, editor in 1952, exemplifies the enthusiasm that seemed to pervade the publication in the '50's.

"*Coraddi* is a different dream for everyone who reads it, and for everyone who shares in the making of it. That's why it must not sacrifice high standards for mass popularity..."

Editorial comment was usually introspective, defending *Coraddi* against the backbiting gossip that centered on claims of elitism.

**"BUT ONE MUST NEVER
CONFUSE TRADITION
WITH TRITENESS,
WHICH IS WHAT
THE OLD FORMAT
HAD EVOLVED TO."**

As the sixties got under way, "the Women's College of the University of North Carolina" became a term of the past. While UNC-G was still getting used to its new name, *Coraddi* experienced a rebirth. A new liberal approach to layout resulted in modern sketches on the covers, pen and ink sketches of nudes, both male and female, interspersed throughout various issues, and a number of sensuous, modernistic poems lacking any discernable form. Campus problems of a non-literary nature were conspicuously missing from those issues, most editors preferring to leave those for debate in *The Carolinian*.

Elizabeth F. Devereux, editor in 1965, anticipated the reaction of some of the university's more conventionally minded students and faculty to the publication's new format. "There are some who will, no doubt, be shocked that we have broken a tradition of almost seventy years, and something is to be said for their complaints...but one must never confuse tradition with triteness, which is what the old format had evolved to."

A wave of experimentation with unorthodox styles of layout, abundant uses of color, and material in not yet accepted literary form brought *Coraddi* to the shores of the '70's. The publication today is markedly changed from those first issues of the State Normal Magazine, bearing only the resemblance that a great-grandchild might to his revered patriarch. Yet blood is thicker than water, and even though diluted by the decades, the lineage remains apparent.

It is interesting to note that throughout the history of this magazine, staffs who have carried it through an upswing have demonstrated a definite awareness of the magazine's bloodline. Articles on the "History of *Corradi*" have appeared regularly during these times, and it is in keeping with this tradition that this article appears now.

Special thanks are in order to both UNC-G Archives and the Alumni Association for their indispensable assistance in the compilation of this article and the accompanying photos. For those interested in seeing just exactly how the *Coraddi* has looked over the past 80 years, these may be found either shelved in the stacks in bound form or in the Archives, second floor main, in the library.

Perhaps most importantly of all, thanks must go to all the various editors and staffs who have maintained the magazine over the years, good and bad, for without them we would not be here today to discuss it.

THE EUC GALLERY

Guillermo Velasco

ONE MAN SHOW
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THRU
DECEMBER 17

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professional theater, opera, and ballet companies. A small sampling of his credits include The Houston Grand Opera Association; the New York City Center Opera, as art director for three years; and the San Francisco Opera.

At Indiana University, Nomikos spent twelve years designing for the School of Music. He explained his rationale for deciding to accept his present position with UNC-G, eight years ago: 1) UNC-G's Theater department is smaller than the School of Music's at Indiana University; 2) He would be allowed to design for legitimate theater once again; and 3) in teaching, he could "give young people a chance to develop and work as designers."

Among Dr. Nomikos' many design contributions to UNC-G's theater department, two stand out in his mind. For Shakespeare's *Richard III*, he designed a unique, stylized set, and for Moliere's *A School For Wives*, his costumes were outstanding "period costumes," representing the fashionable clothes of the day.

His set designs are like canvases dabbled with a child's brilliant imagination...with the haunting lines and fantasies of a master artist...awesome veiled beauty of a daydreamer...the stark simplicity of a worldly realist...yes, it is evidenced, the man sets and paints moods with assorted hues...leaving quietly behind for his audiences traces of a genius' silvered dust. His artistry is truly to be applauded. From each finely painted detail to the sweeping overtures of powerful planes his work is blended through his own ingenuity, fantasy, dedication, talent, and love of art.

Dr. Nomikos explains why he continues teaching: "I have no children. My students are the only people I can give anything I have to give." About the UNC-G theater program he responds with "...the family atmosphere, the pleasant collaboration between us, and the mutual understanding...between faculty members and students."

When asked what tools are necessary in set design, Dr.

Nomikos replies, "Math, geometry in particular, architecture, engineering...imagination...the ability to use lots and lots of fantasy." The magical word causes his ebony eyes to shimmer with excitement. When asked which set is his most cherished, he muses, "That's a hard one. Each time I design a set, I think it is the best." The man delights in challenges and works diligently to capture what the playwright and the director wish to emphasize in a setting, and to paint a believable scene for the audience.

How long does he plan to teach? He thinks for a moment, then folds his hands across his head of thick black hair, and smiles, "Until I die!"

ARTICLE BY KAREN DIMLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

ways to be industrious. "I made my first dress between the ages of eight and ten. I knew all the crafts and just about everything about cooking. It's like watching TV now; instead we learned to cook."

Coming from a talented family, Mary is the only one of four children to become a professional performer. She somewhat "fell" into things when she and a few girlfriends entered their pictures in a beauty contest. A modeling director from New York judged the contest, and Mary received the highest honor. Soon she began modeling in New York and obtained roles as an extra in a number of Hollywood films.

Prior to her deepest involvement in her acting career, Mary attended New Jersey College, now Douglass College, for two and half years. There she became involved in dramatics and summer stock in Bar Harbor, Surrey, and Kinnebunkpoint Playhouses in Maine. From there she went on the road with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" serving as pianist. At Rutgers University she obtained the leading role in "Queens Players" and at the community theatre in New Jersey carrying the leading role in "Once Upon A Mattress."

After performing theatrically on

the college and community level, Mary began to perform professionally. She made appearances on several TV guest shows and travelled with a trio called the Manhattans as featured singer. The group staged performances in some of the most popular night clubs and hotels around, including the Waldorf Astoria in New York and the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. "We were very successful in night clubs," Mary explained. "We didn't consider ourselves stars. People came to the clubs to be entertained, not to see a big movie star."

Married to a marketing manager for the Gravelly Furniture Company for the past twenty years, Mary is the mother of two children. Her daughter attends Springhill College at Mobile, Alabama, and her son is a senior at Martinsville High School.

Even though she has not decided what direction to follow after she receives her degree, Mary has decided that, "To get anything out of life and to enjoy what you want to do, you must sell yourself."

"The more human you are in real life, the more real you are in human life."

ARTICLE BY MARION ROBERSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

open letter to all students stating that this was "the first time" in his life that he had ever "taken a position diametrically opposed to Student Legislature but that he must stand by his convictions. A straw ballot held among nearly three-quarters of the College's some 2000 students supported him.

Today it is an easy matter to look back and laugh at such foolishness, yet always we must bear in mind that such actions are commonplace even today. Standards may have changed, making this scandalous drawing seem totally harmless, yet we still find it necessary to define just exactly what is acceptable. As long as such censorship exists there shall be no real freedom. It is precisely this that art is all about.



the smouldering remains
of the lost communion of holocaust.
huddled embers
(burning-burnt)
their pitiful glowing
more dead than dying.
perversely, a slight flame explodes
in miniscule abandonment.
for a moment all relive the power,
the glory shared in consuming
the last crumpled tower.
and as the flame returns to ash
the embers cling
--edge to edge--
glowing in the consolation
of remnants.



CORADDI'S

WEATHERSPOON ART GALLERY

Stanley Boxer - Drawings
October 22-November 12. Contemporary New York artist combines figurative statements with dreamlike imagery for an ethereal effect.

Closed November 13-18 for installation of the Art On Paper exhibit.

The 14th Annual Art On Paper Show

November 19-December 17. Works by local and national artists, the traditional loans by faculty and major-city art dealers, as well as the most recent acquisitions by the Dillard Collection. All done on or composed of paper.

Closed Between semesters December 20-January 9.

Student Show

An exhibition of student works in all media, to run concurrently with the Art On Paper exhibit. The student works will be shown in Weatherspoon's outer gallery and will run from November 10 to December 10.

FRANK HOLDER DANCE COMPANY

November 14. The Company will perform at Bennett College. Program:

Warm-ups
Rebus I
Ritual
INTERMISSION
Night Lakes
Flights Of My Soul



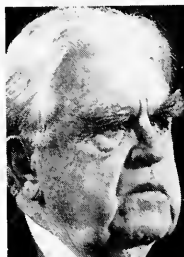
UNC-G DANCE DEPARTMENT

Dance Concert

December 1-2. UNC-G Dance Company. 8:15 p.m. in Aycock Auditorium.

Thesis Concert

November 16-17. Dance Division Thesis Concert by MFA candidates and undergraduate students. Coleman Gymnasium, eight o'clock p.m. Admission is free and all performances are open to the public.



absolutely

GARDEN STUDIO ART GALLERY

Third Fibers Invitational

November 5-26. Fourteen women will exhibit hangings, sculpture, and other constructions of fiber. Exhibitors will include Helen Ashby, Marianne Gurley, Scarlet Breeding, Rachel Benly, Clara Stratton.

More Than Magnolias

November 26 at four o'clock p.m. Authors Evelyn Gill, Ann Deagon, Elizabeth Sewell, and Dorothy Yount will read their works from the upcoming book of works by Southern women, called *More Than Magnolias*.

Seventh Annual Christmas Show
December 3-mid-January.

Poetry Reading

December 10 at four o'clock p.m. Tom Haffernan, poet-in-residence at GTI, will read his own poetry. Accompaniment on penny-whistle by Robert Rice.

The Garden Studio Artists and Writers Calendar for 1979 is now available...25 artists and writers for only \$4.50. For information contact the Garden Studio Art Gallery.

UNC-G THEATRE

The Beeple

November 15-19. Taylor Theatre. John Willy Entwistle lands his spacecraft in the marvelous city-state of Hex, land of the Beeple. It's Star Wars over again!!

Vanities

December 6-9. Taylor Theatre. Follows the lives of three southern girls from 1963-74. A humorous trip from cheerleader to sorority sister, to discovery of the Real World and themselves.

Kaleidoscope Mime Troupe

January 23-24. UNC-G's own fantasy spinners will appear in Aycock Auditorium.



TRAVELOGUE

Pearls of the Orient

November 15, 8:15 p.m., Aycock. Scenes from Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand and Indonesia.

Ireland

November 29, 8:15 p.m., Aycock. Behold the color, humor, and beauty of the Republic of Ireland.

All Travelogue programs are free to UNC-G students with I.D.

HIGH POINT THEATRE

THEATRE SERIES

Scotland On Parade

November 15. "Authentic Scottish Entertainment." Eight o'clock p.m.

Give 'Em Hell Harry

November 29, eight o'clock p.m. Kevin McCarthy Stars.

FESTIVAL STAGE COMPANY

The Importance of Being Earnest

November 2-5. Eight o'clock p.m. Oscar Wilde's wonderful story of mistaken identity.

A Christmas Carol

December 5-10. Eight o'clock p.m.

All High Point Theatre performances will be held at the High Point Theatre and Exhibition Center, 220 East Commerce Street, High Point, N.C. for more information call (919) 887-3001, or write.

UNC-G MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Jazz Ensemble

November 15, 8:15 p.m. Cone Ballroom

Faculty Recital

November 17, 8:15 p.m. Edward Dixon on cello, Robert Darnell on piano.

Concert

November 21, 8:15 p.m. Orchestra Concert, with Phyllis Tektonidis, mezzo-soprano. Aycock

Recitals

November 18, 8:15 p.m. Michael Boggs, guitar. Recital Hall
November 19, 8:15 p.m. Sandra Holland, voice. Recital Hall
December 3, 4:00 p.m. Donna Bray, violin. Recital Hall.
December 8, 8:15 p.m. Jimmy Dickson, guitar. Recital Hall.

Christmas Concert

December 10, 3:00 p.m. Chorale and Orchestra. Aycock.



CALENDAR



GREEN HILL GALLERY

George Bireline

Richard Delisle

November 3-24. George Bireline is on the faculty at N.C. State and is a practitioner of *tromp l'oeuil* art. Richard Delisle is a Greensboro ceramicist.

PUBLIC OPENING AND LECTURE

November 5th 2:00-5:00p.m. George Bireline will discuss his works from 2:00-3:00. UNC-G's Honours Woodwind Quintet will perform pieces by Hindemith and Lebert from 4:00 to 4:30p.m.

Lecture

November 19. 2:30-3:30 p.m. Richard Delisle will discuss his work.

Small Things

December 1-22. Fourteen area artists will exhibit small works in fibers, ceramics, painting, printmaking, stained glass, and jewelry.

Public Opening and Recitals

December 3. 2:00-5:00 p.m. Public Opening for the Small Things show. From 2:15 to 3:00 there will be chamber music, and from 3:30-4:15 the In Time Jazz Quintet will perform.

In January the Greenhill Gallery will be moving. It will be closed throughout the month of January and will reopen in the old Greensboro Daily News Building on the corner of Davey St. and Friendly Avenue.

ALSO...

The North Carolina Museum of Art in Raleigh will show works by Jasper Johns, George Segal, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and other contemporary American artists, in an exhibit called "Art On Art." Organized by the Whitney Museum, the central theme is "art as imagery"—contemporary artists commenting on the style of their predecessors' works, through incorporation of or reference to the works in their own pieces. Such works frequently take the form of a visual pun or parody, and the collection should be highly entertaining.
October 22-November 26

To run jointly with the "Art on Art" show, the Raleigh Museum will present a collection of works by North Carolina artists with the same theme.

The Frank Holder Dance Company is working on several new pieces, one of which will be a follow-up to a piece they are currently performing. The serial piece will be called Rebus 2. The new works will be premiered in January, and will make their first Greensboro appearance at the Carolina Theatre in March.

Coraddi would like to make the Bi-monthly Calendar the most comprehensive schedule of arts events in the Greensboro area. But for that, we need your help. If you have information on the arts or arts-related events occurring in and around Greensboro, put a stamp on it and send it to:

CORADDI
205 Elliott Center,
UNC-G, 27412.

OR call us at 379-5572. Thanks.

Bi-monthly

UC/LS

Ferrante and Teicher

November 11, 8:15 p.m., Aycock Classical and contemporary piano duo.

Murray Louis Dance Company

November 15, 8:15 p.m., Aycock Specializing in modern dance.

Box Office: 379-5546

UNC-G student ticket price is 50¢. Tickets go on sale 20 days before a show for students, 10 days before for the general public.

COMMUNITY THEATRE OF GREENSBORO

Come Blow Your Horn

By Neil Simon. December 14-15-16 Carolina Theatre. 310 S. Greene St. "See the family lamb howl like a true wolf."

Box Office: 274-9612

Audition schedules for plays presented by the Greensboro Community Theatre can be obtained by contacting Maynard French at 274-9612.

PABLO PICASSO

“ART IS A
LIFE THAT
MAKES US
REALIZE
THE TRUTH.”

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